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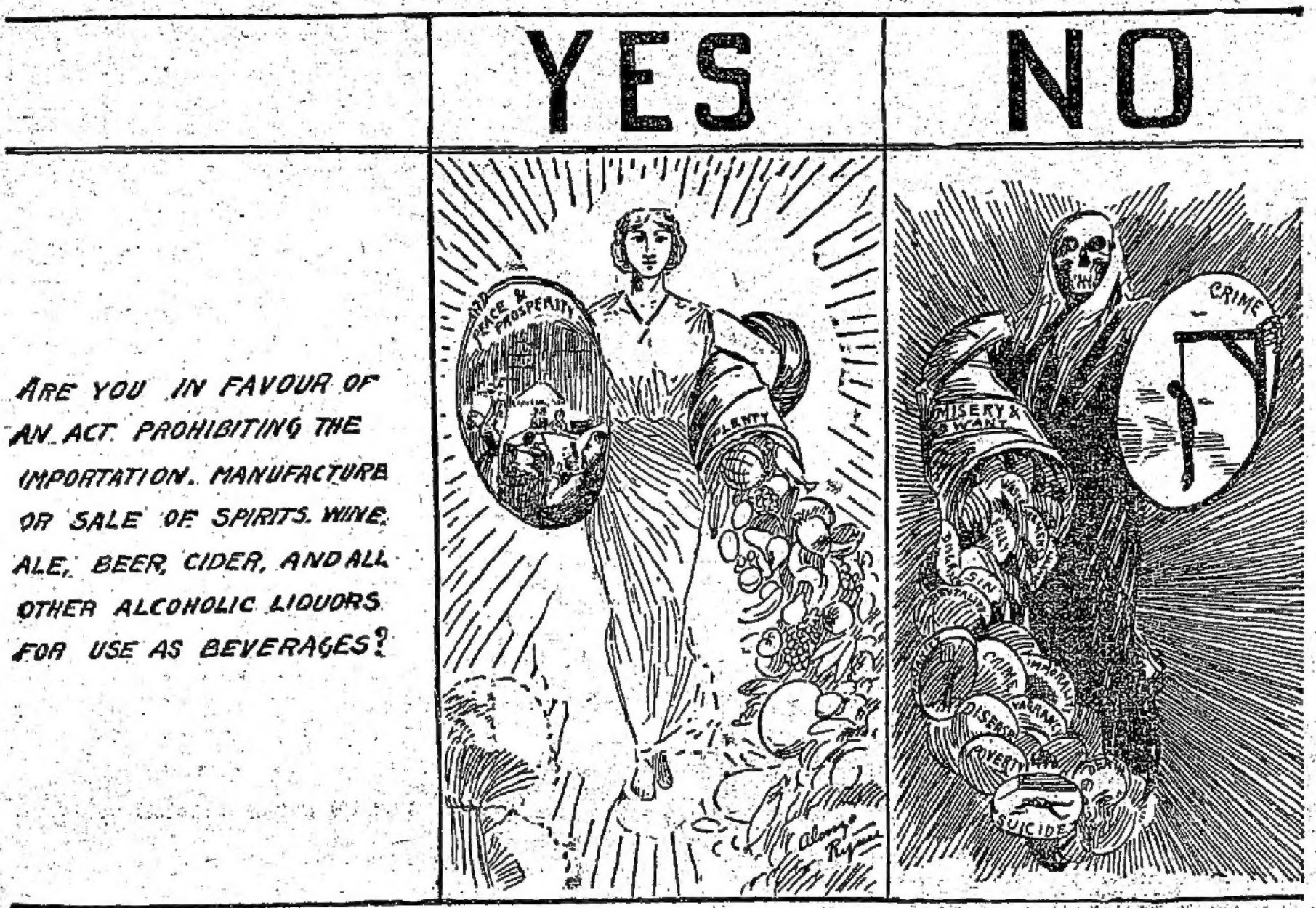

HOW WILL YOU VOTE?—THIS IS WHAT YOUR DECISION MEANS TO MILLIONS OF SOULS.

To Canadian Voters.

Before You Cast Your **VOTE** Pray God to Save the Drunkard,

And Listen to the Wail of Mothers and Children.

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MORALITY or IMMORALITY?

Your Ballot Will Tell in Favor of One or the Other.

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Don't Stay Away from the Polls. Remember the word of Jesus, "He that is not with me is against me."

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Don't let selfishness interfere with DUTY.

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"Am I my brother's keeper?" was the question of a murderer. Cain up to date will not think of the ruin and misery that results from drink. If he likes his glass he will vote **NO** on the 29th.

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Peace of mind and a good conscience will attend the man that votes right on the 29th.

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Let all American readers of the 'Messenger' pray for the success of prohibition in this campaign.

The Black Valley Railway.

The Black Valley country is situated in an extensive lowland, lying between the Land of the Crystal River and a vast and unexplored desert, forming its lower boundary.

The upper portion, near the Crystal River, and in some degree under its influence, is beautiful and attractive. The clouds, reflecting the light from many of its resorts, are of roseate hues and rainbow colors, especially in the night; and thus many are attracted within its influence and tempted to dwell in its borders.

But gradually the country becomes rougher, more barren and stony. The inhabitants become poorer, and are infested with innumerable pains and diseases. Vice and crime abound. Innumerable drunkards and criminals are found there. Prisons and poorhouses take the place of churches and school-houses.

On its lower limits the Black Valley country is bounded by a vast desert, whose inhabitants are continually wandering in dry places, seeking rest and finding none. Over this desert thick clouds are always rolling, indicating approaching storms and tempests, while forked lightnings cross and thunders mutter sounds of sullen wrath. 'A land of darkness as darkness itself.' It is a place of outer darkness, where is weeping and gnashing of teeth. Here is the worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched. Here is found the reptile whose tooth is like 'the cruel venom of asps,' and which, 'at last,

biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.'

The Black Valley Railway lies wholly within this country. All those who go on this road to the Black Valley country, start at 'Sippington,' or 'Mediumville.' They intend to remain in that vicinity. They are dazzled by the excitement and thrilled with the pleasures in this part of the country, and do not believe that they will ever leave it and go on to the end of the route. The next place is 'Tippleton,'

'Topersville.' is the last station before 'Drunkards' Curve.' Here the people look bloated, their faces are fiery, and their eyes red and inflamed. The place is distinguished for the number of its 'licensed liquor saloons.'

'Drunkards' Curve,' now more commonly called 'Wreckers' Curve,' is a place where 600,000 miserable people are annually thrown out. From this place all trains are 'night express trains,' and commonly arrive at midnight; and all passengers beyond this are thrown out without stopping.

'Quarrelton,' and 'Riotville,' are soon reached and passed, with their broken windows and drunken uproar. Next comes 'Beggarston,' Here 400,000 people are thrown out every year without stopping the trains. Soon comes 'Prisonton.' Nine-tenths of all the inhabitants came there over this railway.

'Delirium-ton,' is situated far down toward the lower region of the Black Valley country, and not far away in a deep and gloomy ravine, where no ray of the sun ever comes, is 'Demonland.' No smiles are ever seen on the faces of its inhabitants. The stoutest hearts are appalled at what is seen and heard there.

All persons desiring to leave the Black Valley Road, will find the Temperanceland stages at 'Drunkards' Curve,' and all the stations above this ready to convey them free to any of the villages by the Crystal River.

NOTE.—Latest advices say that there is a movement on foot to alter the character of the Black Valley Railway, so that the daily fast trains will no longer run from the Canadian side of the river to all stations in the Black Valley country. It is said, however, that many Canadians are shareholders in the 'Black Valley Railway,' and would be sorry to see the stock depreciate. For this reason it is important that those who object to the depleting of our population by emigration to the deadly climate of the Black Valley, should bestir themselves to use their influence with the government in the manner commonly known as voting.

Smoking and Burning.

'Where there is much smoke there must be some fire,'—and where people practice smoking tobacco there is often a good deal more fire than they expect.

I think it was in the winter of 1854, I looked out of my rear window at 141 Grand street, New York, down in the direction of Pearl street, and saw a conflagration that seemed to vomit smoke and fire like a volcano. It was Harper & Brothers' great publishing house — perhaps the largest in the country, and one of the largest in the world —going up in devouring flames. Books, plates, fixtures, all went to ruin in a day.

Who started it? A smoker. How? He lighted his match, lit his pipe, and flung his match into a trough of water used for washing type. But that 'water' was benzine, or kerosene, or something equally inflammable, and in an instant everything was ablaze! So much for one smoke!

Thousands of building are set on fire by smokers' pipes; and the longer men smoke the more stupid and careless they grow.

One October day, a few years since, 'a fire started on the top floor of the two-storey brick stable, 205 East Eighty-fifth street, New York, destroying the building, and burning one man to death. Another man was so badly burned that he was removed to the Presbyterian hospital.

'The stable stood in the rear, the stalls being leased to tradesmen in the neighborhood. Among them were Valentine Williams, and John Kelly, pedlers. On the night of Oct. 27, both men returned to the stable, and decided to spend the night there. At 4.30 o'clock Williams was awakened by the smell of smoke. He struggled to his feet to find the place in flames. He staggered through a door into the front building and had safely reached a window when he thought of Kelly. He returned to find that a solid mass of flames were roaring in the corner where Kelly had gone to sleep, and he knew he was beyond help.

'Williams started back again for the only avenue of escape through the front of the building. The heat was overpowering, and twice he fell from exhaustion before he reached the street.

'The property loss was small. It is supposed that the fire started from a spark out of Kelly's pipe.'

Millions are paid for extra premiums on insurance by men who do not smoke, because other men will smoke and set things on fire. Every man who insures his property has to pay more for his insurance because other men practice this vile, filthy, and dangerous habit. Away with it!—'Safeguard.'

The Policeman's Answer.

While a number of young men in the waiting room of an English railway were discussing the merits of total abstinence, a policeman came in with a hand-cuffed prisoner and listened to the dispute, but gave no opinion. A minister of the gospel, who was also present, stepped up to the policeman and said: 'Pray, sir, what have you to say about temperance?' 'Well,' replied the guardian of the law, 'all I have to say is that I never took a teetotaler to prison in my life.'

Thinking Crooked.

During the teaching of the temperance Sunday-school lesson, an Indian boy, ten years old, was asked: 'What does alcohol do to a man's brain?' He answered: 'It makes him think crooked.'

A Barrel of Whiskey.

A barrel of headaches, of heartaches, of woes,
A barrel of curses, a barrel of blows;
A barrel of tears from a world-weary wife;
A barrel of sorrows, a barrel of strife;
A barrel of all unavailing regret;
A barrel of cares, and a barrel of debt;
A barrel of crime and a barrel of pain;
A barrel of hope ever blasted and vain;
A barrel of falsehood, a barrel of cries,
That fall from the maniac's lips as he dies;
A barrel of agony, heavy and dull;
A barrel of poison — of this nearly full;
A barrel of liquid damnation, that fires
The brain of the fool who believes it inspires;
A barrel of poverty, ruin, and blight;
A barrel of terrors, that grow with the night;
A barrel of hunger, a barrel of groans;
A barrel of orphans' most pitiful moans;
A barrel of serpents, that hiss as they pass
From the head of the liquor that glows in the glass.

The Pillar of Scripture.

Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them. Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink.—Isa. v. 11, 22.

* * * *

But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment.—Isa. xxviii., 7.

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Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. xx., 1.

* * * *

Hear thou, my son, and be wise, and guide thine heart in the way. Be not among wine-bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh. For the drunkard and glutton shall come to poverty.—Prov. xxiii., 19-21.

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Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

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They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

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Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

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At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingoth like an adder.—Prov. xxiii., 29-32.

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Now the works of the flesh are manifest which are these: Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like;

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Of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.—Gal. v., 19, 21.

* * * *

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken.—Hab. ii., 15.

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If meat cause my brother to offend I will eat no flesh, while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.—I. Cor. viii., 13.

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It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak. Destroy not him with thy meat (or drink), for whom Christ died.—Romans xiv., 15, 21.

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Who is wise, and he shall understand these things? Prudent, and he shall know them? For the ways of the Lord are right, and the just shall walk in them: But the transgressor shall fall therein.—Hosea xiv., 9.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Any Port in a Storm.

'Talk about raining cats and dogs, and pitchforks down'ards! if this ain't something like it I should like to know what it is. I'm thankful I've got a stunning pair of boots on, and a proper good coat, and this old basket makes a fine umbrella on a new and improved patent ventilating principle that don't keep more of the wet off than is healthy for you. Come on, Snip, I suppose you couldn't leave go of that precious old mutton bone, if you was running away from an earthquake, eh?'

This latter remark was addressed to a little terrier dog, who, with the wet streaming from ears and tail, trotted after his master through the rain.

'Hello!' quoth Rob presently, 'here comes Tim Barker. There's plenty of cracks in his jacket for the rain to get through. Ah, well, if I'd had such a father as his, I dessay I sh'd have been just the same or worse. Shall I offer him a bit of my shelter? He'll say something mean about the Band of Hope—but I will. Hi, Tim! it ain't every

ANY PORT IN A STORM.

gentleman as'll offer you the loan of a fashionable umbrella, but you're welcome to a half of mine!'

'Oh, thank ye!' responded Tim with quite a cordial grin. 'Any port in a storm, an' I'm most as wet as I care to be a'ready.'

Arm in arm the boys trudged along. Suddenly Tim burst out with—

'I say, Rob, I believe you're a real good fellow, that's a fact! If I'd known the sort you were I'd never plagued you about that Band of Hope of yours as I have done.'

'Oh, as for that—' answered Rob, and laughed.

'When I look at you and your home, with father and mother and all of you teetotalers, and then at us and our home—' A significant blank completed the sentence.

'I say,' asked Tim, 'when is your next meeting, I've half a mind to go?'

'To-night, at eight,' replied Rob, promptly, 'and a prime time of it, I reckon, we're going to have; singing and pieces, Will you come?'

'I rather think I will.'

'That's the ticket; and won't you sign?'

'Well, if you'll be there, too—to sort of back me up and stand by me.'

'Of course I will, and downright glad.'

'Well, if you'll sort of be a chum to me, I'll come and sign.'

That this good resolution delighted Rob I need scarcely say, and the next five minutes were spent by him in giving Tim glowing details of the numerous delights and advantages enjoyed by the members of his Band of Hope.

Tim took the pledge that night; and it led to Tim's father taking it within a month; and a new gown was soon presented to the mother by them, purchased out of the money which might have been spent by them in daily dinner beer. How radiant with mingled smiles and tears she was when she saw it, and how bonny and bright and almost young again she looked when she wore it, Tim and his father never forgot; and theirs has been a happy family ever since.

Was not this a wonderful outcome of that memorable trudge through the rain?—'Sunday Hour.'

Our Boys' Rooms.

('The Standard,' Chicago.)

Before Mrs. Ashby was fairly settled in her new home near Chicago, she was surprised one morning by a visit from an old school friend, now Mrs. Braddock, who had come West with her husband from Springfield, Mass., many years before. These ladies had kept up an infrequent correspondence for several years, and knew something of each other's families, although they had not met face to face for a long time. They were congenial in many ways, and yet in some respects their ideas and their characters were totally at variance.

Mrs. Ashby was one of those bright, lovely unselfish mothers, who like Froebel, live with their children. She was not only interested in all they were doing and studying, and planned the best things for them, but she entered into their lives, she talked to them of their studies, she read to and with them in well-selected books, she sat down at the piano and played and sang with them, she helped them in their little clubs and mission societies, and took them long distances to the woods for wild flowers in the spring, and for nuts and autumn leaves in the fall; in fact, she was their companion.

Mrs. Braddock, on the contrary, really knew very little of her children. Nurses had cared for them when young, teachers in school, and maids at home when they were older, while the mother gave most of her time to society, to dress and to card-parties. Her children had adjusted themselves to that sort of life, and had become quite independent of their mother. Was the question asked one of them on the street of an afternoon, by a lady who expected to call at the home, 'Is your mother at home?' the reply was almost always the same, 'No, she's hardly ever at home. She is shopping, or is gone to one of her clubs, I guess.' And they were usually correct.

Yet, with this decided difference in their tastes, the old friends were delighted to see each other, and it was a real joy to Mrs. Braddock to welcome Mrs. Ashby to her new home.

Mrs. Ashby insisted that Mrs. Braddock, who lived some miles north of the city, while she was still farther distant on the south side, should stay and spend a good part of the day with her. To this urgent invitation the friend assented, and ordered her carriage at three o'clock.

Forthwith a most entertaining conversation began, concerning their families, their friends in the East, and the new home they were making for themselves, while now and then an experience of their school days, or some information about those who were then associated with them at that time engrossed them.

As they rose from the lunch table, Mrs. Ashby said, 'Come up to the third floor with me, Jennie. We have several pleasant rooms there, and two of them we have fitted up just to please our boys.'

As they started upstairs, Mrs. Braddock said, 'Why, do your boys care anything about their rooms?' I never pay a bit of attention to our boys. I don't believe one of them knows what is in his room, and they abuse everything so that I should never think of spending money to fit them up. I used to keep worrying over them, making myself miserable becaue they were so careless and so slack, but of late years I've settled down to the inevitable, and have made up my mind that they would be rough anyway, and there was no use in trying to make them different.'

'I don't agree with you there, Jennie,' returned Mrs. Ashby. 'I think there is use in training them to neat habits. Harry was rough and careless for a long time, and did discourage me often, but I persevered, and I have been abundantly rewarded.'

'Oh, how pretty!' exclaimed Mrs. Braddock, as her friend opened the door into a large, square, well-lighted room, which at the very first sight impressed one with the idea that the individual tastes of its occupant had been consulted. The inexpensive drap-

eries, chintz-covered chairs, bureau and table-covers gave evidence of the taste and the interest of the mother, while the etchings, engravings, plaster bas reliefs, pictures of classic buildings, and historic scenes, medallions, books, and small upright piano, a banjo and a guitar, showed plainly what Harry's tastes were. The piano had been lent him by a cousin who had gone abroad for a year, but the books, pictures and bric-a-brac were all his own, either bought with money he had saved, or presented to him by those who know his tastes.

'But you don't say he keeps his room in such order all the time?' queried Mrs. Braddock.

'Yes he does. He takes a real pride in it,' was the reply.

'Well, I declare,' continued Mrs. Braddock, 'I never saw so pretty a room for a boy. I don't see where he got so many books. Are they all his?'

'Yes, every one,' replied Mrs. Ashby. Since he was twelve years old he has bought a great many books with his spending money, and we and one of his bachelor uncles give him books every Christmas, and sometimes on his birthday. I believe he had two hundred volumes when he was seventeen years old, and most of them are books he would always like to keep. As soon as he began to collect them for himself and have them in his own room he took much better care of them and seemed, too, to develop a greater fondness for reading.'

'I don't know what my boys would say if they could see this room,' returned Mrs. Braddock. 'Theirs looks like pandemonium all the time. I would not dare to show it to a friend after they have dressed to go out of an evening. Their muddy boots would be in the centre of the floor, a wet towel on the bed, their shaving materials strewn over the bureau, every drawer open, and neck-ties, shirt-sleeves, suspenders dangling from them, while their clothes would be slung about on the chairs in a most careless fashion. I have been perfectly discouraged about them, and now I just pass their door with a sigh, and let them come home to enjoy the disorder if they like.'

As they talked Mrs. Braddock had been walking about the room, noticing the many pretty things on the tables, the desk and other places, and interrupting her remarks about her two disorderly boys by frequent comments. As she looked through a passage-way into the adjoining room, Mrs. Ashby said, come in here. This is Fred's room. It is quite a contrast to Harry's.' So it was.

Instead of a piano, book cases, etchings and artistic ornaments; here in front of the mantelpiece was a large square glass case, filled with many beautiful stuffed birds perched on the branches of a little tree; near by a case of drawers filled with a great variety of birds' eggs of delicate tints, each in its own little cotton-lined box; while across the room were shelves filled with curious shells, rare specimens of stones, ores, marbles, and other curios, while birds' nests, large specimens of coral, etc., adorned the walls and mantelpieces, and books written by famous naturalists lay upon the table. One knew instantly on entering Fred's room that he was a lover of nature, rather than a lover of art, and that he read scientific, rather than literary books.

'You see,' said Mrs. Ashby, 'I have allowed my children to develop and enjoy their individual tastes, and I assure you it has been a great pleasure to each of them.'

Mrs. Braddock was much interested as she looked at one thing and another, and heard her friend tell where she and Fred had found this and that, and some incidents connected with the getting of many of the specimens.

As they walked downstairs Mrs. Braddock said, 'You must spend a great deal of time with your children, Nell, I should think, for you seem to know all their likes and to interest yourself in them.'

'Yes,' I enjoy nothing better,' Mrs. Ashby replied, 'and it is such a blessing that they are glad to have me with them, to read to them, play games and, when we are away in the summer time take long strolls with them. Don't you find it so with your children?'

'I don't know,' was the answer, 'I never have been with them very much. Children always tired me and made me nervous, and so I have stayed away from them all I possibly could, and now-a-days my time is pretty much given up to society. But do tell me how you ever trained your boys to be so orderly? I suppose I have been wrong in letting mine grow careless, and then in coming to think that anything was good enough for the boys.'

'Well,' replied Mrs. Ashby, 'I have always had a great bump for order, and it so distressed me to see the rooms disorderly that for a while I paid my children so much a week if I found their rooms each day as I liked to see them. Then I put nice things into their rooms and saw to it that they appreciated them, and I would not allow the boys when little to leave their playthings for me to pick up. So I taught them habits of neatness. I do not think it right that a mother should do such things for her children. She must, of course, spend the larger part of her time for them when they are young, but they should be taught to be helpful and put their own things in order. I never could understand why men and boys in some families were allowed to drop newspapers wherever they read them, to leave their clothes and shoes out of place and various other things, and expect women to get up and put them in their places.'

The inspection of the boys' rooms had made such an impression upon Mrs. Braddock as to prevent much conversation afterwards on any other subject. While they still talked about their theories and their practices Mrs. Braddock's carriage appeared at the door.

'I've had such a pleasant visit, Nell,' she said, as she adjusted her veil and drew on her gloves, 'and I must say again, as I have said before, how happy I am that you have come here to live. New friends I like but they can never take the place of the old ones. Well, good-bye, I'm going home to tell my boys about your boys' rooms. I do not remember what night it is next week they want Harry and Fred over to dinner to meet some of their friends, but they're coming over to see them and will arrange it. Good-bye.'

The District School-House.

WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR TEN DOLLARS.

(By J. A. B.)

When I got my school I found it had been built seven or eight years, and nothing had been done to it since that time. The directors were busy farmers, and unless I went to work, no one was likely to improve matters; they were willing to pay for the place being cleaned up, but had no time to see about it.

On the first Saturday, with the help of one of my bigger boys, I kalsomined the ceilings and four walls; and at intervals during the next two weeks painted (two coats) the base board. This was three feet high, and we painted it a nice bright brown, with a black moulding at the top. The window frames, sashes, and so on, we painted two coats of white.

The next thing was the blackboard, which was of paper and hung like a sash; we took it off, and with strong paste, thickened with glue, fixed it solidly to the wall. Between the windows we sandpapered the walls and made three small blackboards, each four feet by three, and put a neat moulding round them. These were well coated with slating, and a good coating given to my old blackboard, which was eighteen feet long. I then made three neat shelves and painted them, for my books, stencils, and various apparatus. There was no window over the door, only a dirty piece of old board, which for seven years had let in the rain. I covered this with stout paper, painted it, and put round it the moulding which I had to spare from my blackboards,

In wet weather a ladder was always laid down to the door; I made a roadway, and a platform three feet wide, so that no one need walk through the mud; also I fixed a scraper outside the door.

The out-house doors had neither proper hinges nor fastenings; I took them off the hinges and made them open and shut properly.

The yard had never been cleaned up, I collected five large heaps of chips, broken bottles, cups, spoons, covers of readers, and I do not know what besides. The wood was all neatly piled, and great heaps of odd pieces of wood gathered up, which was too good to burn with the rubbish.

No one would know my school now, and it has cost not quite ten dollars, of which nearly four dollars was in connection with the blackboards. To-day I laid out two large flower-beds, and have secured a lot of flower-seeds, and also a promise of enough trees to plant all around the school-yard.

It is quite a new idea to the people for a teacher to take all this trouble. It might have been done years ago.

There was neither globe nor dictionary in the school; both have been bought for me since I came. What is the result of all this? Does it pay for the teacher to spend so much of his time over it? Yesterday I was told by the mother of one of my boys, 'Last year I had a dreadful time getting my boy to school, as he used to cry every morning; now he is always ready by half-past seven.'

I have boys who used to be from half an hour to an hour late every morning last year; they have never been late once with me. In fact, I have only twice had a boy late, and each time he had more than two miles of mud to walk through.

I have boys who used to get the 'strap' nearly every day, not only last year, but before that; the strap has not been out of the desk since I have been in school.

This has been done in two months, but of course I have had the help of the children all through. I had one or two rough boys, but now that they have a horizontal bar, base-ball, quoits, and other gymnastic exercises their high spirits are directed into proper channels.

The children all say, 'it is twice as nice coming to school now, everything is so clean and nice.' I found that a washstand, basin, and towel were highly appreciated by the youngsters. If it had taken twice as much time as it did, I would have willingly sacrificed my leisure. I can do twice as good work, for everything is in good shape now.—'School Journal.'

Fred and the Captain.

(By Arthur Ward.)

They were having a glorious time. Some spectators gathered to see them play. Fred Fisher didn't look very strong. He was slim and pale, but no one could say that he wasn't gritty. Oh, no, they never said that. He was one of the Old-Town Fishers, and everybody knew it was a good family.

Fred always liked baseball. He generally played first base, or left field, and he was surprisingly quick when a ball came in his direction, whether in the field or on his base. And you could depend on him.

He was a favorite, though some if them said he was a little bit of a prig, but he always had a reason for what he did. The reason that they called him a prig seemed to be that he was free from common boyish vices.

They knew he didn't swear, and he would not touch tobacco, but when it came to whole-souled fun, he was a regular old-fashioned lad for that.

They had been doing some hard practice work, and the short fall day was drawing to a close, as they gathered around the scorer, to see what each side had done. Finally they started off in groups, Fred and three or four others going down the street towards the post-office, which was in Captain Stiles's store.

'Come on, boys,' said John Franklin, 'let's go into Stiles's!'

They went inside, where the Captain stood behind the counter. He looked at them, out of his keen gray eyes, pleasantly.

'Had a good time, boys?'

'First-rate!'

'Going to beat the West Enders?'

'We're going to try pretty hard,' answered John, and then continued, 'how's your cider now, Captain?'

'Got some first-rate good cider, just in from Johnston's that's pretty sweet; and then, I've some I had from up Snugtown way that's getting to sparkle pretty well. It's got the snap to it.'

'How much a glass, Captain?'

'Two cents.'

'It's my treat. Let's have some, boys.'

'Haven't got but two tumblers. You'll have to take turns drinking.'

'That's all right. We don't mind that.'

A little keg was standing on a barrel; the Captain turned the spigot and a pure amber stream came out into the tumbler. The Captain held it up to the light, and looked at it. 'That's a pretty color, boys. It's the finest drink you can get in the fall and winter. It's good for the blood.'

Fred's turn came, and the Captain held out the tumbler to him.

'No, I won't take any. I'm just as much obliged, boys, but I never drink it.'

'Better take it, Fred,' the Captain said. 'Cider never hurt anybody.'

'Pshaw!' put in John. 'Go ahead, Fred. You don't know what's good.'

'Oh, yes I do. I think it tastes first-rate; but I don't drink it.'

'That must be another of Fred's crank notions,' Silas Johnson remarked.

Fred smiled. Silas was large, and stout and strong. He resumed,

'I don't see as your ideas about cigarettes and such things make you very big or strong. You don't look as well as we fellows that take such things. I'll bet you don't know why you won't drink it.'

'Yes I do. It don't pay.'

'Give me his glass, Captain. I'll drink it.'

The Captain laughed as he handed it to Silas, who quickly disposed of it.

'I guess cider don't hurt folks much,' said the Captain, as he put the glasses up. 'What is there wrong about it, Fred?'

'It has alcohol in it.'

'Now, Fred, you don't calculate that I'd sell what would hurt folks, do you?'

'No, Captain, I don't think that you intend to harm folks, but I think cider does folks more harm than good.'

The Captain sat on the counter and pulled a straw from a new broom, which he began to chew, while he looked at Fred in an amused way. 'Well, Fred, I always thought you were a pretty good boy, and they say you generally know what you are about. I see you've got an idea in your head about cider. Let's have it, and if you'll convince me that it's wrong to drink it, I'll agree not to sell any more.'

Fred looker at Silas, and asked him, 'How was it we got beat, over at Centerville, when we played there last year?'

Silas looked annoyed, 'Well, it was hard cider, those fellows got, and I told them not to drink so much.'

'Oh,' replied Fred. 'Captain, do you know old Sandy Fisher?'

'Yes, Fred. I guess everybody knows him.'

'Isn't of much account?' is he.

'Why, of course not; though I suppose he was once. He's 'most always drunk.'

'Do you know when he drinks the most?'

'Well, from about the time—let's see — about fall, to the next spring, I guess.'

'Yes, and they say he drinks more cider than anything else.'

'There ain't a man in town can drink as much cider as Sandy Fisher. He's good company, too, He'll spout Latin and Greek, and tell more good stories, especially when he's had about two pitchers full. All the farmers will give it to him, he has such a gentlemanly learned way with him. He must have known a good deal once. He's posted on everything — medicine, chemistry, and any amount of things. But, Fred, you don't suppose there's any alcohol in sweet cider, do you?'

'If I convince you that there's alcohol in sweet cider will you leave off selling it, Captain?'

'Look out, Captain,' laughed Silas, 'Fred's a great stickler to have folks keep their promise.'

Now, the Captain was a good man in regular standing in the church of Miller's Corner, and he prayed and worked to make folks better; but he had always thought of cider as a good drink, pleasant and harmless; and he remembered now with some twinges that he had sold it to old and young for a good many years.

Fred drew himself up. 'Boys, and Captain Styles, unless you make your cider of perfectly sound fruit, and drink it almost as soon as it is made, there is alcohol in it; and any man or boy that drinks a little alcohol may drink a great deal. I'm going away to-morrow, Captain, but I'll send you something through the mail.'

The store was empty. The Captain sat on the counter in a brown study. Finally, he got down and drew a glass from the keg and held it up to the light, and looked at it soberly, sighed, and threw the tumblerful out of doors, and gathering up the kegs in his arms went into the back store and put it on top of the vinegar-barrel, and it was soon running in, where it made first-class cider vinegar.

A week or two after, the Captain took out of the mail-bag a bundle of documents addressed in a boyish handwriting to Captain Ezra Stiles. He peered at it through his glasses, first in one light, then in another, and finally opened it slowly. Here was 'Chemical Analysis of Sweet Cider,' by Prof. Schmidt, 'Bondtown's Temperance Legion's Table of Alcoholic Stimulants in Most Popular Use,' and last, a sworn affidavit of Sandy Fisher, 'that to the best of his knowledge and belief he never saw or drank any cider that did not have alcohol in it.'

Not long after Fred came into the store with the boys again, and was warmly welcomed by the grocer, who, as he measured some calico to Mrs. Snowdon shouted out, 'This is a No-Cider Store from this time out. You'd better be a temperance lecturer, Fred.' —'American Messenger.'

Ponape.

In 1852 Luther Halsey Gulick, a young clergyman, accompanied by his wife, entered the wide-encircling barrier reef of Ponape, the largest of the islands that form the Caroline group. They went there to live as missionaries. Home, parents, friends, luxuries, even comforts—all that makes life pleasant—had to be given up to carry the Christian religion to those copper-colored, tattooed islanders. With all their enthusiasm, the two foreigners little knew what measures of self-denial were before them.

There has recently been published by his daughter a life of this well known man, and from Mr. Gulick's diary we cull a few examples of suffering, examples which might be paralleled out of the unwritten biographies of hundreds of men and women who leave civilization in order to do Christian work under some impoverished but eager missionary board. The missionary's wife became ill, and his diary reads:

'Attended to meals, to washing clothes, and to getting firewood.'

'So fatigued with household work that I retire early.'

'Washed clothes, got breakfast, and while doing it read some.'

'Not felt well. Made bread and pudding. Wife sick.'

'Hope ever. Good shall yet come out of this apparently fruitless life.'

In 1853 they had no fresh meat, and often went to bed hungry. Mr. Gulick shot a few wild pigeons, but soon his gun gave out, and then he made the touching entry. 'We are becoming quite needy. Will not the Lord soon provide and relieve us?'

In 1854 a foreign sailor was set ashore to die of smallpox. The natives gleefully wore the dead man's clothes, and in a month the disease was upon the whole island in all its horror. Of course there was no vaccine matter. The missionary seeing that the only hope of saving the nation lay in inoculating himself with the smallpox virus, took the terrible risk, and went to his own hospital expecting to die; but he lived through the 'most horrible wretchedness' and 'harrowing misery,' and was able to save one-half the inhabitants through his intelligent heroism.

Then his wife had to be sent away to save her life. This was harder to bear than a scourge. For thirteen months he did not hear a word from her. He thought her dead. Anxiety and nervous prostration almost killed him; but at last a speck was seen on the horizon. It was the 'Morning Star,' the missionary vessel which the children of the world had given to be a joy to the islands of the Pacific. It brought the wife and children just in time to give life to a worn-out man.

'If they lacked food, they had at least the comfort of hearing from their friends,' you say. No. For years whalers were their only mail carriers. Sometimes six months passed without a word from the world. Ten months even; twelve months; and still no letter. We can easily understand the famishing of the body, but who can measure mental hunger?

When Dr. Gulick sent an order for books

he had to wait thirteen months, sometimes two years, for it to be answered. At one time he gave an order out of his meagre salary for seventy-five dollars' worth of books, which his soul craved. Two years passed. Day after day the missionary's eye searched the cloudless horizon in vain, looking for a sail.

At last the mail arrived; but instead of books he received the incredible reply that it was thought his order overdrew his salary; and, using their discretion, wiser heads had sent him what they thought he ought to have, not what he needed most. Two years more of bitter waiting before his books came! Four years for an order which any one of us could have filled in almost as many hours!

Such martyr-like fidelity and patience are a marvel to most men. They do not understand the power of manliness reinforced by the self-effacement of true religious devotion. The instance we have given may be exceptional in the conditions under which practical Christianity was exhibited — but the wish and resolve to bless mankind can become a ruling passion in other minds as well as in that of the pioneer missionary. In all walks of life, there is brave work to be done, that involves the sublimest motives, and Christian self-denial can bear and do anything for its sake.—'Youth's Companion.'

A Dark Month.

(By Mattie W. Baker.)

'I do wish,' exclaimed Annie Ellis, pettishly, 'that we lived in a pretty place.'

'Why, Annie,' replied her mother, 'what do you mean? People often speak of the beauty of our place and the fine view we have.'

'Oh, yes; I know; but I've seen it so long I'm sick of it! Nell Kimball's cousin from Troy has been telling us of the view from her home—oh! it must be lovely! I hate this place worse than ever!'

'Of course, every one loves their own home the best, or, at least, they ought to.'

'Why, certainly, mother, I love my home,' said Annie, feeling rebuked, 'but I wish it stood in a more romantic spot. There's nothing to be seen here only the same old fields, and mountains, and that tiresome river.'

Mrs. Ellis sighed, and said no more. It pained her to have Annie dissatisfied with her home surroundings, but she felt it was only the result of outside influence, and would pass away in time.

It was but a few days after this that Annie had a serious attack of sore eyes. She had often had trouble with her eyes before, but this was so severe she could not go to school, and finally the doctor was called in. He said she must be kept in a perfectly dark room.

'Oh, dear! For how long?' asked poor Annie.

'That depends,' said the doctor, 'perhaps a week.'

'I should die before a week was over; I know I should,' said Annie.

But she did not die, though she had to stay in the dark a month, instead, a long, long month, longer than any year she ever knew before. To sit there in the dark with bandaged eyes, hour after hour, day after day, how dreary it was! How she came to pity people who were always blind, and to think, with a sinking heart, 'What if I should never see again!'

The family did all they could to amuse her, but her mother had her work to do, and of course she could not see to sew in the dark. The other children went to school, but though they went in and told her about school, and of their games and all, they soon tired of the dark room.

It was the same with Annie's mates when they came in. None of them wanted to stay long.

'I don't see how Annie endures it,' they would say to each other. 'It seems like being in prison.'

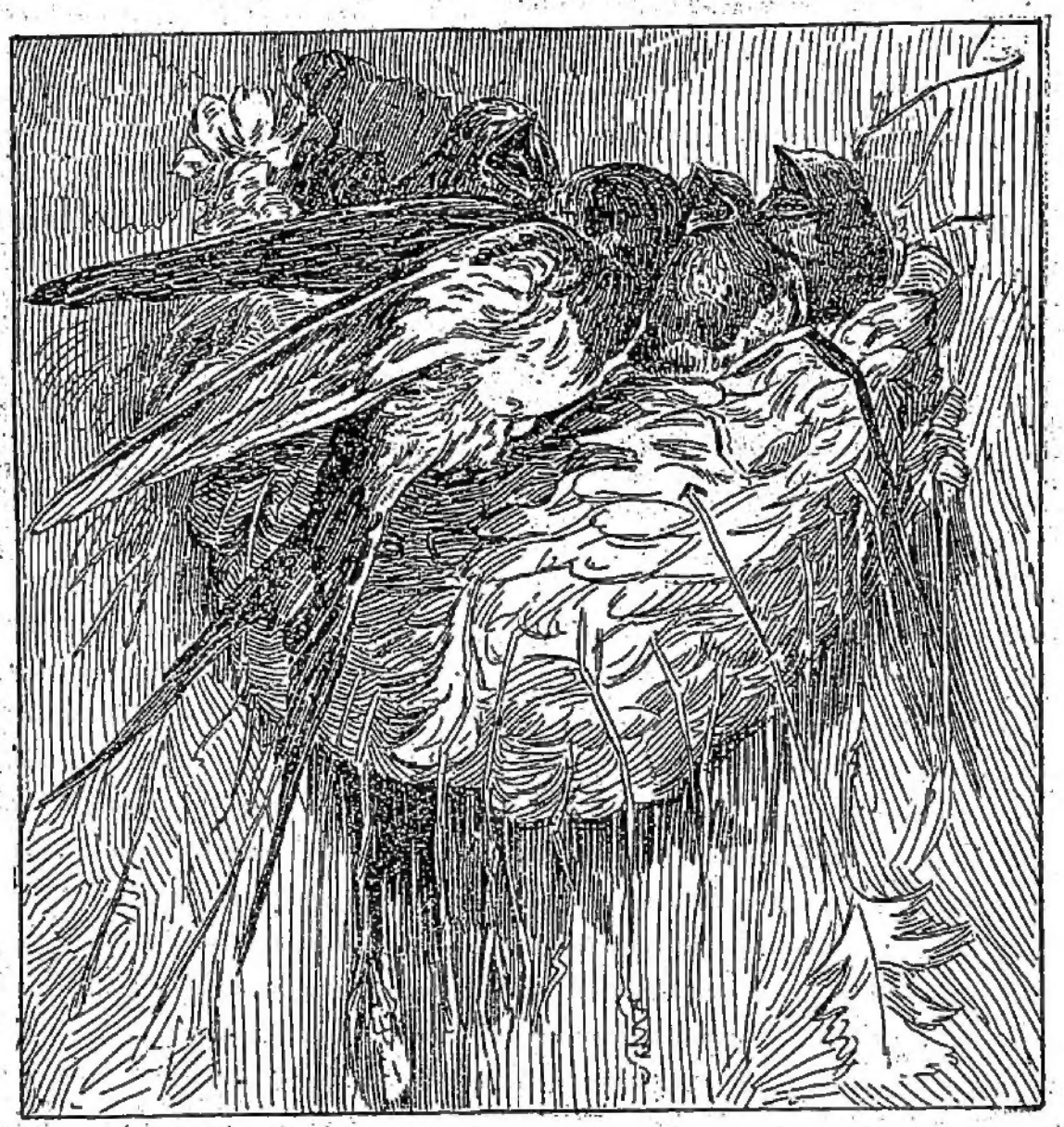
When at last her eyes were pronounced cured, and she could go out on the porch and look around, she was fairly breathless with delight.

'Oh, mother,' she exclaimed, 'this is a beautiful place, after all! I never knew how to prize it before. It is so good to see it again!'—'Presbyterian Banner.'

Swallows' Nest Soup.

(By Mrs. Battersby.)

Many of my young readers have peeped into a bird's nest, and admired its beautiful shape and the softly-lined hollow where the pretty eggs are lying so cosily. If you live in the country, I dare say you have watched the nests of different birds, and thought how unlike they were to each other.



You have looked up to the rook's large bundle of sticks in the top of some tall tree, and then you have searched for the lovely little nest of the chaffinch, well hidden with moss and grey lichens, on the branch of an apple-tree close by.

But what would you say to eating a bird's nest?—eating it, that is, when made into soup. The nests in our picture are thought so much of, that they are sold for a very high price. You must not think these are common nests, built of grass and moss. No! they are made of something very like gelatine, or isinglass, which you have seen given in little paper packages to cook; and still more like a gum called mastic, which is sold in layers—not lumps, like common gum, and is whitish in color.

The natives in China, Java, Borneo, and Ceylon, venture into very dangerous places every year, to collect these nests, which are always built in caves and clefts. Sometimes these men have to be let down to these caves and clefts by ropes fastened on the tops of the cliffs, and often they have to climb up a fearful height, inside the caves, to carry off the nests. These are built by a kind of swallow, and fastened to the sides of the rocks, just in the same way as our swallows fasten their nests under the eaves.

For a long time people thought they were made of seaweed, which the birds picked up on the waves or on the shore: but now the swallows are believed to have the power of forming their nests from a gluey stuff which they can draw out of their bodies, and which looks like a thread in their bills.

This thread they weave backwards and forwards, just as silkworms do when they are making a chrysalis. Well, the edible swallows are said to make their gelatine houses in the same way. The first nests they build every season are quite white, and so clear, you can see writing through them, and they are always the dearest to buy. The next nests have less and less gum, and are not so clear.

The poor little birds are said to take two months to finish their nests, and they are robbed of them every year, sometimes before the young ones are able to fly, which is very cruel, as many of them are killed.

How Aunt Jennie Learned to Write Letters.

'Auntie, how many letters you write!' said Mattie Steele, one morning, as she came into her Aunt Jennie's room and found her busy at her desk. 'I do so hate to write letters,' she added with a sigh, thinking of at least a half-dozen that she ought to answer.

Aunt Jennie looked up and laughed. 'Oh, I can remember when it was quite as hard for me to write a letter as it is for you now,' she said, as she turned her chair from the desk and faced Mattie.

'Why, I supposed it was always easy for

you,' Mattie said, looking very much surprised. 'I wonder, then, if I shall ever be able to learn the art of "letter-writing made easy."'

'I hope so, but I also hope that you will not have to learn in quite so unhappy a way as I did.'

Mattie sat down and looked eager to know all about it, and Aunt Jennie went on.

'When I was just about your age, I went with my sister, your mother, to visit an aunt who lived several hundred miles away from our home. We never had seen her, although we had heard a great deal about her. She was quite wealthy; and very eccentric, and we both rather dreaded the visit. We had no need to, however, and before we had spent forty-eight hours with Aunt Betty, for that was her name, we had decided that it was just about the finest place to be sent to that any one could have desired.

'To be sure, Aunt Betty was as odd as she had been described, but we liked her from the first. Her children were all married and in homes of their own, and although she would not give up her own home and go to live with any of them, yet she was often lonely, and I am sure that she enjoyed the month that we spent with her almost as well as we did.

'After we returned home your mother began to write to Aunt Betty every week. I thought that I would do so too; but I was not fond of letter-writing, and so I kept putting it off, and sent messages by your mother instead. I knew perfectly well that Aunt Betty would enjoy two letters a week just twice as well as she would one, but I think now that I was too indolent to exert myself.'

Mattie colored a little at this, but Aunt Jennie did not notice it.

'About a year after our visit we received word that Aunt Betty was very ill, and then, a few days later, that she was dead. We felt very sorry, of course.

'After a few weeks we were notified that she had left us some of her personal effects, and following the letter containing the announcement came the bequests. To your mother Aunt Betty had left her beautiful piano, and to me a pound of writing-paper!'

'O Aunt Jennie,' exclaimed Mattie in a tone of real distress.

'Oh, I can laugh about it now,' Aunt Jennie replied, 'but I did not feel like laughing then, I can assure you. But I went to my room and there I fought it out alone. I think I was more grieved than angry, and after a good cry, such as girls will sometimes indulge in, I began to think the matter over more calmly. The act was quite in keeping with Aunt Betty's character, I knew. I could see that I had been her guest for a month, had accepted all that she had done for me during that time, and yet had been too selfish to make her lonely hours brighter by devoting a half-hour a week to writing to her after my return.

'I was sure that she had liked your mother and myself, and that it was not partiality that had made the difference between her bequests. I felt sure that she had a reason for what she did; and so at last I was forced to conclude that the lesson she wanted me to learn was with reference to the letter-writing that I had neglected. Then it began to dawn upon me that the letters meant a great deal to her. In memory I reviewed Aunt Betty's life after the marriage of her children, and, before I knew it, was crying again, this time not over disappointment, but for real sorrow because I had neglected her.

'When I went downstairs I was ready to acknowledge that Aunt Betty had been right, and that I thought in time my gift might prove the more valuable after all. And it has. By degrees I added to my list of correspondents, and by far the larger number of them were people who led lonely lives, and to whom my letters might help to bring a little brightness and cheer.'

Mattie was very quiet and thoughtful when Aunt Jennie finished speaking.

'I had never thought of letter-writing in that light before,' she said; 'but I am going to think about it; and although I never expect to become such a missionary in that line as you are, there are a few letters which I shall write to-day.'—'Advance.'

A Word to Christian Young Women.

(By D. L. Moody.)

The Northfield Training School for young women begins its ninth year on Sept. 29. We hope it may be the best year in its history up to this time.

The success of the school has been most gratifying. A large number of students have attended, and many of them have gone out into positions of influence and responsibility. Some have become ordained pastors, others have gone into home missionary work, and still others into the foreign field.

It is the aim of the school to give just that practical training which young women devoting their lives to Christian work in city or country will most need. Besides a thorough course of study in the English bible, instruction in the preparation of bible readings and in personal work, the students are taught sewing, dressmaking, cooking and nursing.

Besides helping those who have already decided upon their life-work, we hope also to help many to find out what their life work is to be. I believe there are hundreds of young women who have a great desire to give their lives to Christian work who hardly know how to begin, or whether or not they are suited to such work. We would be glad to welcome many such into the training school and help them find out.

I do not know why many women who do not expect to devote their entire time to Christian work, but who would be glad to do more effective work in their home churches, should not spend a winter in study to that end. I am constantly receiving inquiries from pastors and others for young women qualified to be city missionaries, church visitors, etc., and I think very often just the workers needed are in their own churches if they could only be found out and given some training for the work.

The doors of the training school are wide open to such young women as I have tried to describe. The expense is very small, and I shall be glad to correspond with any who may wish to enter.

Correspondence

Listowel.

Dear Editor,—I have enjoyed my holidays very much this year, but I was too busy to write and tell you all about them. I can ride a bicycle now, and I am very proud of it. I learned on my friend's wheel when he was learning. He has a nice new bicycle, and it runs very easily, but turns rather stiffly and as a result of this he often rides along with his arms folded.

One Sunday morning he was riding along in this manner while the people on the sidewalks were going to church. I watched him with some envy I confess, for he is of a more daring nature than me, and I am not able to compose myself so much when riding. As he neared the parsonage, he increased his speed, and was just lifting his hat to the minister's wife, when he rode over some stony ground. Down went his hands to the handle-bars, but they never reached them, for his machine became unmanageable, and after a jump and a lurch, fell heavily to the road, sending Tommy forward on his hands and knees with some damage to his Sunday clothes.

He has learned a lesson from this, however, and it is, indeed, a case of necessity that causes him to ride on the Sabbath day. His attendance at Sunday-school has been more regular since then, too. Your interested reader,

FRED.

Scandinavia, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have read the letters in the 'Northern Messenger,' and so I thought I would write one too. I am a Swede boy, born in Sweden. I was only one year old when I came to this country. I have lived in Manitoba for ten years. The most of Manitoba is prairie, but where I live it is solid bush. There are lots of creeks up here, and in some of them there are fish. I will now tell you something about my pets. I have a dog and I like to play with my kitten, but sometimes it will scratch me. I am going to school and I like it very well. I read in a book called Evangeline. There are not very many children in school now because some have to stay at home and help their parents with the hay. I must close my letter now. Your reader,

ELJE.

Dunville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger' every Sunday at our Sunday-school, and think it very nice. I like to read the Correspondence, and think it very interesting. I have a sister, but no brother. My brother died about three months ago. He was five years old. We all grieve for him very much. My father is a tinsmith of the town. He is also the superintendent of the Baptist Sunday-school at which I attend. I thought Emily was a very pleasant and pleasing writer, to all who read her interesting sayings. My next letter will be longer. Your little faithful reader,

EMMA, aged 12.

Portage du Fort.

Dear Editor, — We take the 'Messenger' and the 'Weekly Witness,' and are always delighted with the beautiful and interesting stories that are in both papers. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday morning and then to church afterwards. I teach a class in Sunday-school, and find the lesson that is illustrated in the 'Messenger' very interesting. We live on a farm and have fourteen cows; I milk two at night. I walk two miles to school. We have a large orchard, there are plenty of apples on the trees this year. The post-office is over five miles from our place. I belong to the Jubilee Mission Band; we have not many members yet. I remain your friend,

MARY.

Proton Station.

Dear Editor,—I am only nine years old, but I thought I would write you a letter. I go to Sunday-school and get the 'Messenger,' there. Our Sunday-school is going to have a picnic this week. I live on a farm. We have a lot of horses and two Indian ponies, for driving, which we call Billy and Jack. We have a lot of visitors at our house now from Detroit, and Teeswater, but they will soon be going home for school. I remain your little friend,

MILTON N.

Georgiana Island, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been a subscriber of the 'Messenger' over three years. I am an Indian boy, twelve years of age, belonging to the Ojibway tribe. We live on an island, in size four thousand acres. It is an Indian settlement; most of the Indians are farmers. There are over forty head of the best blood horses, and as many more horned cattle, sheep, and pigs, here. We have five cows; I bring the cows in every morning and evening, and milk them too. My mother died when I was five years old. I live with my grandfather; we live close to the lake; I go out in the evening with our boat and catch black bass and perch. My grandfather keeps the post-office. I go to school every day, and attend Sunday-school; our school teacher is an Englishman and teaches in English.

THOMAS.

"SAILORS HORN."

How Jack Learned a Much Needed Lesson.

(By Belle V. Chisholm in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Master Jack Headley was as bright and active a little six-year-old boy as you would find in a day's travel. He was a pleasant, good-natured child, too, and about as obedient as the majority of American children, but he had one habit—that of meddling with things which did not belong to him—that gave his parents a great deal of trouble.

Once he went to pay a visit to his uncle and aunt, in the city, and, being a great favorite with the childless couple, was given the freedom of the house; not altogether, either, for there was one room, his uncle's office, which he was forbidden to enter. During the first few days there were so many new things to attract his attention that he was fairly well contented, and thought nothing about the doctor's office, but one day, when his uncle was out seeing patients, and his aunt was engaged with company in the parlor, Jack took it into his head to peep in at the half-open door to see what great mystery was concealed in the vetoed room.

Everything looked so attractive in the clean, bright office that the little fellow determined to go on a tour of discovery, certain that nothing serious could happen to him in such a beautiful place. He did not like the smell of the medicines that filled the bottles on the shelf, but the polished brass and crystal-like glass that made up so much of the furniture of the room, was very charming to his inexperienced eyes. He went around softly, peering into everything, touching carefully one article after another, with no disastrous results, although he expected something to explode or flash up like lightning every time. Finding that nothing unusual occurred, he grew bolder, and handled things with less caution.

He was greatly interested in a cunning box, with queer plates stuck in it, that stood on a little round table. Two neat handles were attached to it by curious spiral chains. 'Handles are made to hold,' soliloquized Jack, as he took one in each of his chubby hands. As the little fingers tightened convulsively over the innocent-looking, but treacherous handles, sharp pains, as if needles were being stuck in them, darted up his hands and arms. He tried to let go his hold but could not, and all the time the pain kept running through him, while the tears streamed down his cheeks, as his cries resounded through the house. His aunt came running in to see what terrible thing had happened, but before she had succeeded in releasing him, his uncle made his appearance, and the poor fellow was set free at once.

His uncle then tried to explain to him something connected with a galvanic battery, but his statement that it was not to be trifled with was no news to Jack after what had just taken place. His meddling that time, however, was not in vain, and the lesson he learned while a prisoner in his uncle's office he remembers to this day. Since that experi-

ence he has never been known to pry into other people's business, nor try to solve mysteries that do not concern him.

When a boy stole his knife the other day, he said he wished he could get him to take hold of the handles of the battery long enough to persude him to tell where he had concealed it. But the boy had heard of Jack's experience and refused to walk into the trap set to catch him.

Children's Prayers.

All children love to say their prayers, I think, at least all good children should. I knew a little boy who added to his usual prayers, 'Now I lay me,' and 'Our Father,' a new prayer that was taught to him by a loved Sabbath school teacher. It is this :

'Dear Lord, of thee three things I pray :
To know thee more clearly,
To love thee more dearly,
To follow more nearly
Every day.'

Don't you think that this is a nice prayer for little boys and girls, or for grown folks either ?

Little Harry's Sunday school teacher was suddenly taken very ill, and for a long time his recovery was doubtful. Many prayers were offered for him, and Harry sent up his little petition with the rest. The next day he was reported better, and the verdict was, 'He will live.'

'I knew it,' cried Harry, clapping his hands for joy, while his eyes fairly danced with delight. 'I just knew he would get well.' 'But why ?' asked his mother. 'Because I asked God to make him well,' the little fellow replied. 'But why,' still questioned the mother, 'did you want your teacher to get well ?' For a moment Harry was nonplussed, then out came the truthful childish answer, 'So that we could have some one to play the music.' It was music that had attracted him to the Sabbath school when he was a very little tot, long before he had learned his letters, and it was music that had held him there ever since, till now he has become a very faithful member not only of the Sunday school but of the church also. Who shall say that music is not a power in the church, when it will reach so many that cannot be reached in any other way !

A very little girl knelt by the bedside of her baby brother and said her little prayer very softly to the end, then rising up and crossing over to her own little cot she knelt and began to repeat her prayer a second time. 'Why,' said her mother, not understanding, 'you have said your prayer once, my child. Have you forgotten, dear ?' 'Oh, no, mamma.' Then waving her little hand toward her baby brother, who lay tossing his little sturdy limbs in the air in the vain endeavor to catch his pink toes, she explained, 'That was for brother, 'cause he's too little to pray for himself, and this is for me.' Of all sweet memories of my childhood this scene dwells with me the longest : the little white-robed figure, and the sweet lisping voice saying, 'That was for brother, and this is for me.'—Viola Smythe Cassidy, in 'Buds of Promise.'

A New Rule of Three.

Ethel, Rose and May rolled hoops all one afternoon. They had such a good time that another little girl grew wistful watching them.

'There's the new girl,' said May.

'She'd like to come with us,' answered Ethel, 'I know, the way she looks I sha'n't lend my hoop.'

MAY STOOD RESTING ON HER HOOP.

May said no more. But whenever they passed the new-comer's porch, her heart gave a little thump.

Ethel's must have done so too, for she said, 'Her mother ought to get her a hoop, 'stead of letting her watch us. I wish she'd go in.'

But the stranger hadn't gone in when the nurse came for Ethel and Rose. May was tired and stood a moment resting on her hoop.

Then, as if afraid to hesitate, she took her pretty hoop, pushed open the gate, and said very fast, 'Won't you use my hoop a while ? I'm tired.'

'I might hurt it,' said the little girl.

'You can't hurt it easily,' said May.

When she came back, her face glowing, she said, 'I did want to come with you, but mamma's sick, and I can't ask for a hoop. You were good to lend me yours.'

May blushed. 'I was mean to wait so long. Is your mother very sick ?'

'They won't let me see her. Papa's eyes are red, and nobody notices me.'

'I hope she'll soon get well,' said May. 'Till she does you must use my hoop every day.'

It was new for May to do what Ethel and Rose had not begun; but she was loyal to her new friend and the others were won over.

Now they race and keep three abreast, as they did the first afternoon the new little girl watched them.

They send their hoops on journeys of discovery, running to rescue them with laughter.

But there is always one little girl looking on; for the three who own hoops take turns in lending to the little girl who hasn't a hoop of her own.

'I'm 'stonished,' said Rose, 'We've more fun with three hoops to four girls, than when there was three hoops to three girls.'—Elizabeth B. Walker, in 'The Sunbeam.'

Waking-Time.

Now another morning
Smileth from on high,
Gladsome is the dawning
In the eastern sky.
Little bird, be waking
With thanksgiving strain !
Slumber-land forsaking,
Greet the morn again.

Light is o'er the meadows,
Over hill and sea ;
Ended are the shadows—
Bright and joyful be !
At thy bedside kneeling,
Seek the Saviour's care—
Unto Jesus stealing
In thy morning prayer.

—'Children's Treasury.'

Scientific Temperance Teaching.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partisan W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Onio.)

LESSON XXX. — DISEASES PRODUCED BY TOBACCO.

1. What have you learned about tobacco?
That it is a violent poison.

2. Why, then, does it not at once produce death?
It does, if taken in sufficient quantity or with sufficient strength. But the body gradually accustoms itself to its use, and ceases to protest against it.

3. Would you expect it to produce serious diseases?
Certainly, it must.

4. What part of the body is most seriously affected?
The brain and nerves. Often some of the nerves are actually paralyzed.

5. What then happens?
If it happens to be the nerves of sight, the victim becomes blind. Many such cases are on record. Or, it may be, the nerves of other senses are destroyed.

6. How does tobacco affect the stomach?
Very dreadfully, especially in the case of tobacco chewers. The poisonous juice, sure to be swallowed, irritates the delicate linings of the stomach, producing, after a time, great sores, upon the surface. Of course, this condition produces much suffering, and makes the stomach quite unfit for its work of digesting the food.

7. What else does it do to destroy the digestion?
It poisons all the rich juices of the stomach, which must be kept pure, in order that good blood may be produced.

8. Then what of the tobacco user's blood?
It, too, is poisoned, and, being carried to every part of the body, communicates the poison to every organ.

9. Is such blood fit for the repair of the body's waste?
No, indeed. One might as well try to mend a torn garment with rags.

10. Suppose a tobacco user is severely wounded, what happens?
His poisoned blood can only repair the hurt very slowly, and poorly, and he is disabled long after a healthy person would be entirely cured. Often a wound will fail altogether to heal, and a leg or an arm may have to be cut off, which in a healthy person could have been saved.

11. How does smoking affect the throat?
The delicate linings of the throat are continually irritated by the poison inhaled. A smoker's throat looks red and angry and often sores are produced.

12. What may happen if the habit is continued?
Incurable sores may be produced; even cancers of the throat, which eat out the poisoned tissues, causing most terrible sufferings, which can only end in death.

13. Do you know of any such cases.
Yes. Brave General Grant, died of a terrible cancer, produced in this way. So did the good Emperor Frederick of Germany.

14. How came such excellent men to form so dangerous a habit?
They were not taught the evil of the habit, and did not know the danger till it was upon them.

15. What should we, who do know, determine to do?
To abstain wholly and forever from tobacco in any form.

Hints to Teachers.

The present lesson is so simple the children will readily understand it. Impress especially the thought that whatever poisons the blood, the 'river of life' to the whole body, must poison every organ and tissue depending upon it for repair and strength. Personal observation will supply every teacher abundance of illustrative material. We cannot be too earnest in guarding the children against the evils of tobacco.

One More Victim.

(By Mrs. Helen Smith.)

'Beautiful things in the bible I see,
In it I learn how Jesus loves me.'

Thus sang a sweet childish voice; 'Beau'ful fings I see in the bible,' piped a smaller voice, but looking at the two little singers and their surroundings, one could not see much to make them sing.

Julia and Bessie Green were truly children of poverty and neglect, and a closer look would show the observer of drunkenness, as well. John Green, the father, was a shoemaker. When he let drink alone, he was able to provide well for his family. He had been for years what the world calls a 'moderate drinker,' that is, he would work, earning enough to provide clothes and food and a home for his family, yet he never went past the saloon door without dropping in for a little chat and a social glass. From that, slowly drifting down, we find him sitting, with his two little girls, in a mere hovel for a home. He managed to do enough cobbling to keep his drink bill paid, and the mother was glad to get work by the day wherever she could. By her efforts so far she had been able to provide the plainest of food for her family and scanty clothing.

She would often go away thinking she had left enough food for her babes, but John would crawl out of his nest of rags, eat it all up and go away to have a day of it with some 'friends,' leaving the little ones without food; and the two little girls had learned to look for his return with terror, unless the mother came home first; they felt safe if mother was there.

On this particular day he had not gone away. After eating what he could find he set himself to do some work at cobbling that someone had left for him. As Julia clasped little Bessie in her arms and the two voices rose in the song, it seemed to irritate the man, as was shown by a fiercer scowl and harder blows in driving a peg into the shoe. But the children, busy with their own chatter and song, paid no attention. At last Bessie raised herself in her sister's arms and asked, 'Jule, where is all the pretty fings in the bible?' Where is it, sister? It's all about a big city, wif posies; tell me about it.'

'Well, Bessie, it is heaven, you know, the bible tells about, where everything is nice with big mansions—that's big houses — and lots of birds singing, and lots of children with pretty clothes, and posies of all kinds, and, oh Bessie! we won't never be cold nor hungry.

'But, Julie,' whispered the child, 'is mans there and do they ever get drunk?'

Before Julie could reply, an angry voice called out, 'Stop that yaup; we don't want no mission work around here!'

The children drew closer together, and for a long time everything was quiet in the room, no noise, save that made by the shoemaker at his work.

But the words of the song pleased the little one, and after a time she began softly to sing, 'Jesus loves me, Jesus loves you and me, Jule,' and winding her arms closer around Julie's neck, she whispered a little louder, 'Jesus loves you and me.' The words were no sooner said, than, with an oath, the man raised his hand and threw a last, striking Bessie full in the temple, and with one long quivering cry she fell back in Julie's arms. The man got up saying, 'No use singing that; Jesus don't love no one round here,' and left the children alone.

Julie held her little sister a long time, until a curious look on the child's face frightened her. Going to the door she called in a neighbor woman, who gave one glance and saw death was there. The neighbor called some others, and the body of the little child was tenderly cared for. Julie was so frightened that she could not tell them much about the matter, neither could John Green be found. But we know God did pity that poor tired mother, and we will pass over what transpired. It was many days before Julie could tell her mother all that had happened. During the night after the cruel deed John Green came home too drunk to realize anything.

When the hour for the funeral came he made no show of himself, the neighbors watched him so closely that he had no chance to get drunk. No one but Mrs. Green knew the particulars of that dreadful day. Julie was seriously ill with brain fever. There was nothing to show on Bessie but a purple spot on her temple, and it was thought she fell and brought it there. No investigation was made, as drunken fights in that part of the city were of common occurrence.

How long must the blood of the innocent cry from the ground? How long must the rum power curse our land? Surely the prayers of the suffering mothers, wives and children must be heard. And surely there are object lessons enough to cause our boys to hesitate before they throw themselves under the wheels of this car of drunkenness. —'Michigan Christian Advocate.'

Socialism and Drink.

(By Wm. Pearson, U.K.A.)

Individual and national sobriety are primary and indispensable conditions of any wide-spread and permanent social improvement. Neither socialism nor any other scheme will usher in 'Merrie England,' without sobriety. It may fit in with a plausible and pleasant theory to view all the poverty and social suffering of the land as the result of capitalism, but it is absolutely untrue to the facts of the case. Unimpeachable authority and ordinary observation tell us that thousands become poor and swell the ranks of misery whose employment has been regular and whose wages have been large, but who have injured health, wasted resources, and destroyed character by drinking; and this must continue to be so as long as the adult drinking section of the working classes alone spends £100,000,000 a year in the purchase of liquor. There are thousands wretched and starving to-day, who might have been well-fed, properly clothed, and decently housed but for their drinking habits. Nor is it in accordance with facts or common sense to say that these people were driven to drink by previous poverty. An indulgence so costly is not practised in the main by men of no employment or no means, but by those who must of necessity have the money before they spend it. The drink bill of last year was not spent by paupers; but by those whose wasteful expenditure is preparing them to be the paupers of the future. It is a sad but an incontrovertible fact that the victims of drink are not altogether drawn from the ranks of the poorest section of the community. Those whose environment is everything that could be desired, who enjoy the advantages of education and wide culture, who are not subject to the grinding cares of poverty, who are in the condition in which the best Individualists and the best Socialists desire to see the whole nation, often sink to misery and the slums on account of their drinking habits. In a very vital and practical sense, drink is the cause of a large portion of the poverty and hardship we all deplore to-day; and if all the drink-caused poverty, disease, and crime were removed, thousands of homes would be brightened and multitudes of persons redeemed. Nor would universal sobriety cause the masses to acquiesce in injustice or oppression. On the contrary, it would clear the brain, improve the morals, elevate the tone, raise the conceptions and standard of living of the nation at large. A sober people having tasted the sweeter, and purer joys of life, would want fuller means and more ample opportunities of living after a fashion of which the average drinker never dreams. Their outlook not being bounded by the circumference of a pint-pot would create new wants, inspire new ideals, and, by the operation of that self-same 'iron law of wages,' of which we have heard so much, and which is said to bring wages to the generally adopted 'standard of living,' would cause an upward tendency in wages because of the higher views and standard of life it would call into existence. Teetotalism is not a scheme for cheapening living, but for improving it.—'Forward.'

A good story is told by the 'Daily News,' in connection with the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson's advocacy of temperance, He had been on a visit to one of the three or four small towns in England which have no public-house. Although there were four thousand people there, the doctor was nearly starving. One day a young medical man came to Sir Benjamin for advice as to taking the practice, and Sir Benjamin, placing his hands on the young doctor's shoulders, said: 'Take my advice, and don't. Those wretched teetotalers not only shirk accidents, but, when wounded, heal so fast that there is neither pleasure nor profit after the first dressing.' This story is quoted for the benefit of our temperance friends.

Fourth Quarter.

LESSON I.—OCTOBER 2.

Reformation Under Asa.

II. Chron. xiv., 2-12. Memory verses 2-5. Read II. Chron. xiv., xv., xvi.

Golden Text.

'Help us O Lord our God: for we rest on thee.'—II. Chron. xiv., 11.

Home Readings.

M. II. Chron. xii., 1-16.—Rehoboam's reign and death.
T. II. Chron, xiii., 1-22.—The reign of his son Abijah.
W. II. Chron. xiv., 1-15.—Reformation under Asa.
T. II. Chron. xv., 1-19.—Asa's solemn covenant with God.
F. II. Chron. xvi., 1-14.—The end of Asa's reign.
S. Psa. xx., 1-9. — Confidence in Jehovah's help.
S. Psa. xxv., 1-22.—'Let not mine enemies triumph over me.'

Lesson Story.

During the last three months we have been studying the history of the kingdom of Israel with its evil kings and corrupted people, who followed the sins of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat. The rest of the lessons this year are about the kingdom of Judah, beginning at Asa the grandson of Rehoboam, son of Solomon. Asa had many hindrances to goodness in his life, his father and grandfather were evil men, and heathenism had gained a firm foothold in the country. Neither birth nor surroundings were conducive to great morality, but Asa turned to the Lord and served him. As soon as he became king he set himself to destroy the idol worship, the images and the altars of the heathen. He also commanded the people to repent and return to Jehovah, to do his will and keep his commandments.

Then the Lord was pleased with Asa and his people and gave them rest from war for ten years. So the people prospered and built strong cities and fortifications.

Asa had an army of about five hundred and eighty thousand mighty men of valor, but there came against him Zerah the Ethiopian with an army more than twice as large. They met at Mareshah about twenty miles from Jerusalem, and when Asa saw the great host of the enemy he prayed to the Lord Jehovah for succor. 'Lord, it is nothing to thee to help, whether with many or with them that have no power; help us, O Lord our God; for we rest on thee, and in thy name we go against this multitude. O Lord, thou art our God; let not man prevail against thee.'

'So the Lord smote the Ethiopians before Asa, and before Judah; and the Ethiopians fled.'

Lesson Hints.

'Asa'—the king whose heart was perfect with the Lord as was his great-grandfather David's.

'Strange gods'—the idols of the neighboring nations, whose worship was so strictly forbidden by Jehovah. (Ex. xx., 3-5.).

'Images'—the idols that his father had made (I. Kings xv., 12.). He also destroyed the horrible idol made by Maachah his mother, and removed her from being queen.

'Commanded Judah'—having first set them a good example, precept is needed as well as example.

'While the land is yet before us'—while we have time and opportunity to cultivate and fortify our land, let us work at it.

'An army'—probably not a standing army, but strong, trained men, who worked at their farms or other business when not needed for war.

'Mareshah'—a city about twenty-five miles south-west of Jerusalem.

'Asa cried unto the Lord'—he knew who only could help him. The Lord will not fail anyone who honestly trusts in him.

'It is nothing'—God is just as able to save his people with Gideon's three hundred, or with David's little sling and pebble, as with the greatest and best equipped army. The Revised Version perhaps gives this verse more clearly, 'There is none beside thee to help between the mighty and him that hath no strength,'

'We rest on thee'—in perfect trust we rely on thee, no anxious worrying over what we have committed to thee; we have done our utmost, we restfully trust thee to do the rest.

'Against thee'—or against thy people. If we love and serve God we identify ourselves with him and our interests are his.

'So'—the emphatic word connecting the prayer with the answer.

Questions.

1. What relation was the good king Asa to David the Psalmist?

2. How did Asa show his faith when he first became king?

3. How did he show his faith when war came?

4. Why did God smite the Ethiopians?

Suggested Hymns.

'Our God is able to deliver thee,' 'Jesus saves,' 'Not to the strong is the battle,' 'Yield not to temptation.'

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

October 2.—II. Chron. xiv., 2-12.

'He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.' Verse 2,

One good way to observe the first commandment is to practise the second. Verses 3 and 5: also Ex. xx., 3-6.

True rest is the gift of God. Verses 6 and 7.

Good men will always have enemies. Verses 8 and 9.

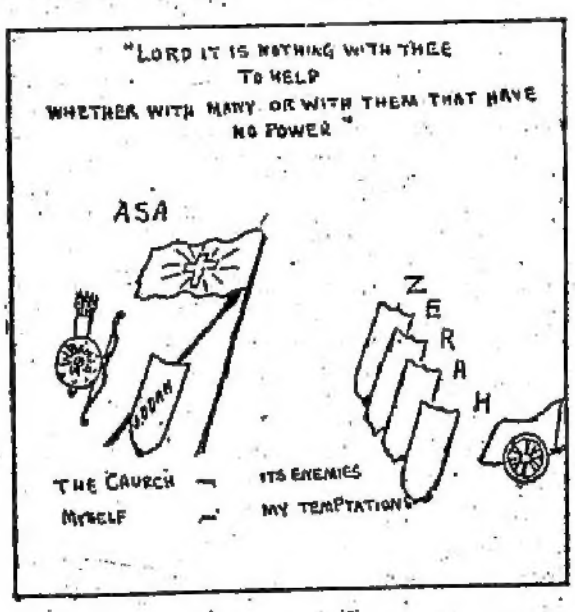
There are sins which are best conquered by open resistence; there are others more alluring from which the only safety is found in flight. Verse 10.

The praying soldier is no coward. Compare Cromwell, Bruce, Havelock, etc. Verse 11.

One along with God makes a mighty army. Verse 12.

Lesson Illustrated.

The forces upon our left are those of Asa. Judah being represented by the spear and the heavy shield, capable of protecting the whole body. The round target or light shield with the bow and quiver of arrows stands for the archers of Benjamin. Against them are Zerah's force, double their number and chariots extra. Asa did not have a banner with a cross, that comes in for our application; for we rub out Judah and call it the Church, then in the enemies' shield put the names the scholars will give in answer to



the question, 'Name some enemies of the Church?' 'Liquor traffic,' 'Love of money,' 'Bad literature,' etc. You can rub out Benjamin and put in its place the Sunday-school, Y.F.S.C.E., or other help of the Church.

Then rub out the Church and other names and put in 'myself,' and my enemies. What are some of our enemies, our temptations? Can the Church and we ourselves conquer? Yes, if we trust God, for it is nothing with him to help, whether with many or with them that have no power.

Christian Endeavor Topics.

Oct. 2.—Trials, and how to bear them. — Isa. xli., 8-20.

They Set the Fashion.

Judge Carter, of Haverhill, Massachussetts, who died last January at an advanced age, was a native of Maine. It was one of the pleasantries of this excellent magistrate to confess that once in his life he was 'guilty of bribery.'

While practising his profession in Bridgton, Maine, forty or fifty years ago, both he and Mrs. Carter were active church helpers, and both took particular interest in the Sunday-school, serving as teachers, and using all their influence to keep the classes full.

In those simpler times the children went bare-foot in the summer on week-days, but there were exceptions to the rule in a few well-to-do families of position, and when Sunday came, the etiquette for young church-going feet was so far in favor of shoes that poor people out of pride, kept their unshod children at home.

Lawyer Carter noticed this, and when several promised recruits to the Sunday-school failed to come, he divined the cause without offending the susceptibilities of the parents. It was a question how to secure the shoeless boys and girls, and finally it occurred to him to work out the problem at home. He 'bribed' his own children to go to Sunday-school barefoot.

Whether the household at first 'filed a demurrer,' we are not told, but the little folks agreed to their father's terms, and went. One appearance was enough to set the fashion. The shooless families said, 'If Squire Carter's children can come to Sunday-school barefoot, it's a pretty how-de-do if ours can't.' And after that there were no more stay-at-homes for pride's sake.

The end does not always justify the means, but in this case most of us will be inclined to call the expedient of the good 'squire' by a gentler name than he used. — 'Youth's Companion.'

The Teacher's Example.

A short time ago I heard a mother expostulating with her daughter concerning a certain doubtful amusement. The young girl replied, 'My Sunday-school teacher, Miss A——, often goes there, so I am sure there cannot be much harm in my going'—and so the daughter continued to go, regardless of her mother's anxiety. As teachers, let us be prayerfully careful in regard to our example. Let us be bright, happy Christians, willing to deny ourselves if needs be. Our influence outside of the school will not be made up of great sacrifices and duties, but will largely consist in little actions—where we go, in what amusements we participate, and how we speak—this, combined with smiles, kindness and small obligations given habitually, will win for us and help us to retain the heart and respect of our pupils, and in the effort to help and uplift others we will rise to a higher plane of spiritual enjoyment ourselves.—Mrs. Acheson, in 'Christian Guardian.'

The Awaking.

(By Mrs. Merrill E. Gates.

One day the fingers of the Lord
Upon my eyes shall lie;
And when their tender weight shall lift,
'Twill be eternity.

But while he holds my yielding lids
With that soft force of his,
My spirit shall not sleep, but wake
Into his utter bliss.
—'Sunday-school Times.'

One of the speakers at the recent Y.M.C.A. convention at Reading, Pa., addressing the workers there assembled on the subject of 'The Nineteenth Century Boy,' declared that the most remarkable thing about him was that he was going to be the twentieth century man. The speaker made a strong plea for the boy, adding that people were willing to spend a lifetime studying about beetles, the social life of fleas, etc., but regarded boys as an unmitigated nuisance. He believed, however, that the Y. M. C. A. was engaged in a great work, in taking up the task of helping boys. Boys are certainly worth cultivating. Daniel Webster when a lad once remarked to somebody who had despised his youth: 'Sir, they make men out of such things as we!' It is worth while training a boy if a man can be made out of him.

How Would Jesus Vote?

	YES.	NO.
Are you in favor of the passing of an Act prohibiting the importation, manufacture or sale of spirits, wine, ale, beer, cider and all other alcoholic liquors for use as beverages?	X	

Mark your ballot thus

If it would be better for one who caused a little one to offend that a great mill-stone should be hung about his neck, and that he should be drowned in the depths of the sea, what of that community which licenses death-traps for the young at every corner? Those whom our Lord taught had only their personal responsibility to their neighbors; they had none for the government that was over them. We have in addition to our personal responsibility a responsibility for what we do as a community. The community should act towards its units and towards its children as the French law phrases it, 'En bon pere de famille,' as a good father of a family would. It should by all its acts make it easy to do right and hard to do wrong. A man with an intemperate son would not place liquor in his way. The community has, in the light of these repeated comminations against placing stumbling-blocks in the way of the weak to choose whether it will continue to do so or not. This is the question on which we have to vote on the twenty-ninth.

Does It Pay?

Does it pay to have fifty workingmen poor and ragged in order to have one saloon-keeper well dressed and flush with money?

Does it pay to have one citizen in the county jail because another sells him whiskey?

Does it pay to hang one citizen because another got him drunk and deadly?

Does it pay to have a dozen intelligent young men turned into thieves and vagabonds that one man may get a living by keeping a saloon?

Does it pay to receive $200 for a saloon license, and then pay $20,000 for trying a man for murder, induced by the goods the licensed saloon-keeper sold him?

Does it pay to have a thousand homes blasted, ruined, defiled and turned into hells of misery, strife and want that some brewer may build up a great fortune?

Does it pay to have twenty mothers and their children dress in rags, live in hovels and daily famish, that one saloon-keeper's wife and children may have plenty?

Does it pay to have hundreds of thousands of men and women in almshouses, penitentiaries and hospitals, and thousands more in the asylums for idiotic and insane people, in order that a few heavy capitalists of the whiskey ring may profit by such atrocity?

Does it pay to tolerate a traffic which breeds crime, poverty, agony, idleness, shame and death wherever it is allowed?

Verily it doth not pay.—Pacific 'Ensign.'

A Touch of Hard Times.

The Holyoke 'Transcript' tells us an instance which lets us into the secret of some of the causes of hard times:

'On a recent cold morning, the very smallest size of a boy went into a market and asked for five cents' worth of salt pork. It was portioned out, and then the child showed two cents more, and said it was for a soup bone. The bone was produced, and as the marketman handed it to the child, who was barefooted, though snow and ice were on the ground, he observed that he held in one hand a large pail, and inquired what he was intending to get in it. "Beer," said the small boy. To fill the pail with beer would cost fifteen cents, which was more than double the sum apportioned for the family's food for the day. This happens daily, and, of course, the father doesn't work, and, of course, the saloon-keeper is flush, while the poor wife and children have hard times.'

The First Drink Fatal.

Human lives turn on the pivot of single acts, which may not at the time seem important. I have in my possession a most pathetic letter written by a gentleman of good education—in an almshouse. He wrote to me: 'All the misery of my wretched life was caused by the first 'sherry cobbler' that I ever drank; it was at the solicitation of a Mr. K., at a hotel, in Columbus, Ohio; and I drank it under protest. I am the embodiment of the fatal fruits of that one drink.' On the summit of a hill in that same State of Ohio, is a court-house so singularly situated that the raindrops that fall on one side of the roof descend into Lake Erie; those which trickle down on the other pass into the Ohio, the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. A faint breath of wind determines the destiny of these raindrops for three thousand miles! So a single act determines often a human destiny for this world and the next. The writer of that pathetic letter had such an experience. A young man who had partially reformed from habits of dissipation was offered a glass of wine by an affectionate, but thoughtless, sister; in yielding he rekindled a thirst which swept him back into drunkenness. The hand that ought to have sustained him laid him low. —Dr. Cuyler.

Alcohol and Health.

Health is that state of body in which all the functions of it go on without notice or observation, and in which existence is felt to be a pleasure—in which it is a kind of joy to see, to hear, to touch, to live. That is health. Now, that is a state which cannot be benefited by alcohol in any degree. Nay, it is a state which nine times out of ten, is injured by alcohol. It is a state which often bears alcohol without sensible injury, but I repeat to you, as the result of long-continued and careful thought, it is not one which can in any sense be benefited by alcohol. It can bear it sometimes without obvious injury, but be benefited by it — never. I go further than that. I venture to say that there is a certain state of joy of existence—a sense in which one feels what a pleasure it is to look out, for instance, upon the green fields, to hear pleasant sounds, to touch pleasant hands, to know that life is a satisfaction—this, I say, is a state which in my experience, is always in some way or other injured by alcohol.' — Sir Andrew Clark, M.D.

Reasons For Temperance.

During a temperance campaign a lawyer was discussing learnedly the clauses of the proposed temperance law. An old farmer who had been listening, shut his knife with a snap, and said:

'I don't know nothin' about the law, but I have seven good reasons fur votin' fur it.'

'What are they?' asked the lawyer.

And the grim old farmer responded, 'Four sons and three daughters.'

THE DRINK CURSE

may go on piling up woe in this country, but

'Not by My Vote.'

The beer barrel and whiskey barrel are the forerunners of poverty. More than three-fourths of wretched poverty can be traced to the drink curse. The drunkard makes his own 'hard times.' They last through every administration, and changes of tariff make no difference. The prisons and poor houses of the country are recruited from the army of drink. The economic aspect of the drink problem ought to make thoughtful men out-and-out teetotalers. This devil costs too much, both to those who follow him and those who tolerate him.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

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